

THE
IRISH HUDIBRAS.

[Price One Shilling.]

IRISH HUSBANDS.

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THE
IRISH HUDIBRAS.
Hespero-neso-graphia :
OR, A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
WESTERN ISLE.

IN EIGHT CANTOS.

With ANNOTATIONS.

By WILLIAM MOFFET,
SCHOOL-MASTER.

*Quicquid agunt homines ; Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus ; nostri est farrago Libelli.*

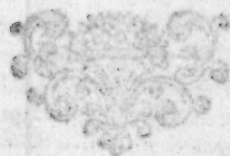
Juvenalis, Sat. I.



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Printed for J. Reason, in New-de-Lane Court,
Fleet-Street. 1755.

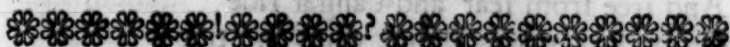


Hesperi-neso-graphia :

OR, THE

WESTERN ISLE

DESCRIBED.



CANTO I.

IN Western isle renown'd for bogs,
For tories, and for great wolf-dogs,
* For drawing hobbies by the tail,
† And threshing corn with fiery flail ;

A

Where

* *For drawing hobbies, &c.*] It was the ancient and barbarous custom in that island of the poorer and inferior sort before the flood, and three hundred years after, of ploughing, not with such gears or harness as in other places, but by tying the hindmost horse's head to the tail of the foremost, which made the poor jades draw in a great deal of pain, and made them unserviceable by the soon losing their tails, and withal was a course of so slow a dispatch, that they could not break up as much ground in a week as a good team would perform in a day.

† *And threshing corn with fiery flail.*] Besides it was their custom of burning their straw (rather than put themselves to the pains to thresh it) by that means to part it from the corn ; from which no reason could dissuade them till they found it was a great loss to them, that they could not thatch their houses, nor fodder their cattle.

†Where beer, and curds, for truth I tell it,
 Are made without a pot or skellet,
 And without pan, and without kettle,
 Or any thing that's made of mettle;
 Where, in some places, cows shite fire,
 And hogs such soap as some desire;
 And where in bowels of the ground
 There are great heaps of butter found,
 || Of which with blood of living beast,
 The natives make a dainty feast;
 And where in leathern hairy boat,
 O'er threatning waves bold mortals float,
 Like gulls, who never yet were found,
 By strength of water to be drown'd,
 And free from fear and danger ride
 On back of waves 'gainst wind and tide;
 And where the mountains once a year,
 In flames, like *Etna*, do appear,
 And burn (believe me) day and night,
 To strangers a most dreadful sight;
 One *Gillo* liv'd, the son of *Shane*,
 Who was the son of *Patrick Bane*,
 Who was the son of *Teigue* the *Tory*,
 Who, to his great and endless glory,
 Out of a bush a shot let fly,
 And kill'd a man that passed by,
 For which he was advanced high.
 This *Teigue* was son of *Gilli-Christ*,
 And he the son of *Hugb* the priest;

}
For

† *Where beer, &c.*] And as for making their beer and curds,
 it was likewise a custom (being then destitute of brass or copper
 vessels) to put several large stones into the fire till they were red
 hot, and then put them into their brewing vessels, and milk to
 make curds.

|| *Of which with blood, &c.*] Another ridiculous custom they
 had of bleeding their kine once a year, which they boiled and
 eat with their butter, and made boats of cows or horses
 hides.

For priests in *Shambrughshire*, they say,
 Can women kifs, as well as pray.
 This *Hugo*, rampant priest, was son,
 And only heir to *Dermot Dun*,
 Who was the son of *Teigue Mc Shane*,
 Who was the son of *Terlaugh Greane*,
 Who was the son of *Pbelim Fad*,
 Who on each hand six fingers had,
 Could twist horse-shoes, and at one meal
 With ease could eat the greatest veal ;
 With head instead of hammer cou'd
 Knock nail into a piece of wood,
 And with his teeth, without least pain,
 Could pull the nail from thence again :
 This monster sprung from *Laughlin Crone*,
 A greater thief was never known ;
 For in his trade he had such skill,
 That he a stolen cow could kill,
 For shift with mantle and a stone,
 A way to former thieves unknown.
 And *Laughlin* sprung from *Manus Row*,
 Who valu'd neither frost nor snow ;
 His feet they were so callous grown,
 That he could kick at ice or stone ;
 And therefore in the coldest weather,
 Did never wear one bit of leather.
 This *Manus* from *Mulroony* came,
 A man of no ignoble fame ;
 For begging learning in the schools,
 He learnt at length the grammar rules,
 And, without doubt had so much sense,
 To form a verb through mood and tense ;
 Nay, some do say that he was able
 To moralize on *Æsop's* fable !
 And tho' he had *Corderius* read,
 He often broke poor *Priscian's* head ;

And yet the mob admir'd his sense,
 His *Latin* and his eloquence;
 Because at fairs he did dispute,
 Where he some school-boys did confute,
 Of him this also can be said,
 That near *Benbolben* he was bred,
 Where *Phin Mc Cool* was buried;
 Who kill'd more mighty giants, than
 Were ever kill'd by mortal man.
 This learn'd *Mulroony* was the son
 Of *Bryan Mirgab* of *Croonacun*;
 Who was admir'd for nothing more,
 Than for the kindness, which he bore
 To butter'd meal and blood-raw meat,
 Which he for constant food did eat;
 Affirming that all meat was spoil'd
 That either roasted was or boil'd.
 His *ostrich* stomach had such heat,
 It could digest the hardest meat.
 I could as well trace out the blood
 Of *Gillo* up to *Noah's* flood,
 As *British* authors, who pretend
 That they from *Trojans* did descend;
 But that would be a tedious task,
 Therefore your pardon I must ask,
 And leave't to be performed by
 Some tracer of antiquity.

CANTO II.

AND now kind nymphs of *Benbo-bill*,
 And *Patrick's* rick, my fancy fill
 With thoughts, that may procure delight
 To quaker, or to anchorite :
 Your aid I may implore as well,
 As of those lasses who do dwell
 On mount *Parnassus*, or upon
 The famous mount of *Helicon* ;
 For you and they alike dispense
 To teeming brains your influence ;
 And *Patrick's* fount near which you dwell,
 Inspires and quenches thirst as well
 As that fictitious horses fount,
 By poets held in great account ;
 Who in their maggot-bitten pate
 New hills and fountains do create ;
 And tell how on a hill by dream
 A coward man of wit became,
 Who, walking, sung such lofty strains,
 That charm'd the nymphs, and all the swains,
 In spacious plain, within a wood
 And bog, the house of *Gillo* stood ;
 A house well built, and with much strength,
 Almost two hundred foot in length,
 A house with mountains fortify'd,
 Which in the clouds their heads did hide.
 At one of th' ends he kept his cows,
 At th' other end he kept his spouse

On bed of straw, without least grumble,
 Nay, with delight did often tumble;
 Without partition, or a screen,
 Or spreading curtain drawn between;
 Without concern expos'd they lay,
 Because it was their country way;
 And when occasion did require,
 In midst of house a mighty fire
 Of black dry'd earth and swinging blocks
 Was made, enough to roast an ox;
 From whence arose such clouds of smoak,
 As either me or you wou'd choak;
 But *Gillo* and his train inur'd
 To smoak, the same with ease endur'd;
 For sitting low, on rushes spread,
 The smoak still hover'd over head;
 And did more good than real harm,
 Because it kept the long house warm,
 And never made their heads to ake;
 Therefore no chimney he wou'd make.
 And thus for smoak, altho' 'twas dear,
 He paid four shillings every year,
 And tho' his wife no muslin wore,
 Nor silk, she was all spotted o'er
 With new made ermin, which did fall
 From roof of house, and side of wall,
 Which was with cow-dung plaister'd round,
 With which the house did still abound;
 Yet not so close but that the smoak,
 Being long confin'd, thro' crannies broke,
 And through the soft and spongy pores,
 And through the windows and the doors,
 Through which the wind so fast did blow,
 That for his life no man could know
 Whether of both with lesser pain,
 The smoak or wind he cou'd sustain;

But

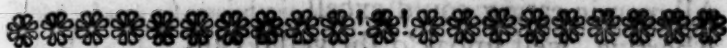
But when the scorching fire burnt clear,
 The rolling smoak did disappear,
 And vanish into air that you
 Each object could distinctly view :
 As when a mighty morning-fog
 Sits brooding on a plashy bog,
 So dark, so close, and solid, that
 You scarce can tell me what from what,
 Until Don *Phæbus*, to allay
 His burning thirst drinks all away.
 By this now think, that you behold
 The smoaky darkness, I have told ;
 And if perhaps you do admire,
 That this great house did ne'er take fire,
 Where sparks, as thick as stars in sky,
 About the house did often fly,
 And reach'd the sapless wither'd thatch,
 Which like dry sponge the fire would catch,
 And where no chimney was erected,
 Where sparks and flames may be directed ;
 St. *Bridget's* cross hung over door,
 Which did the house from fire secure,
 As *Gillo* thought, O powerful charm !
 To keep a house from taking harm :
 And tho' the dogs and servants slept,
 By *Bridget's* care the house was kept.
 Directly under *Bridget's* cross
 Was firmly nail'd the shoe of horse
 On threshold, that the house might be
 From witches, thieves, and devils free :
 For *Patrick* o'er the iron did pray,
 And made it holy, as they say ;
 And banish'd from the hills and bogs
 All sorts of serpents, toads and frogs,
 By cross and iron : You may guess,
 What faith this *Gillo* did profess ;

A faith

A faith *St. Paul* did never teach,
 Altho' to *Romans* he did preach;
 * A faith that makes you to deny
 The testimony of your eye;
 A faith obliges you to pray,
 Altho' you know not what you say;
 A faith which to the mother maid
 † Commands ten *Ave's* should be said;
 And that we only should direct,
 One *Pater* to the Architect
 Of heaven, from whom our life doth flow,
 And ten to one is odds you know.
 But let his faith be good or bad,
 He in his house great plenty had
 Of burnt oat-bread, and butter found
 With garlick mixt in boggy ground;
 So strong, a dog with help of wind,
 By scenting out, with ease might find.
 And this they count the bravest meat
 That hungry mortal e'er did eat.
 This grunting sow would sooner take,
 And eat a t—d than sugar cake.

* A faith that makes you to deny
 The testimony of your eye.] Alluding to transubstantiation.

† Commands, &c.] The Papists to this time say ten *Ave*
Mary's to one *Pater Noster*.



C A N T O III.

NOW listen well and you shall hear,
 With what vast prodigious cheer,
 And with what heaps of various meat,
 His friends and neighbours he did treat.
 The day of feasting come, each man,
 Invited to the dinner, ran
 With winged haste, and with his skeep,
 Or rather cleaver sharp and keen.
 Most of the guests their umbra's brought;
 And sauce that money never bought;
 Great heaps of thick three corner'd bread;
 And hairy butter *van* did lead.
 Next came the flesh of mountain goat,
 As rank as ever slipt down throat.
 And then four quarters of a foal,
 And three sing'd sheep entire and whole.
 Then four fat swine, as fat and good
 As ever rutted in a wood,
 Or turn'd the earth of garden, where
 Belov'd potatoes growing were,
 Came in, on brawny shoulders born,
 And laid in lossels to be torn;
 Of which but only two were cut
 In joints, and in large platters put;
 The other two march'd in entire,
 And piping hot from scorching fire,
 Of beef there was abundance more
 Than twenty *Dudleys* could devour,

B

And

And *Toms* to help him, whom they tell,
 All men in eating could excell.
 Abortive, well smoak'd shrivell'd calf,
 A rary show whereat to laugh,
 Brought up the rear in stately wise;
 But not a gueſt it did ſurprize;
 For they 'bove any other nation,
 Love meat dreſt by fumigation;
 And hence they took occaſion to
 Admire what ſmoak (like ſalt) could do.
 Beſides all this, vaſt bundles came
 Of ſorrel, more than I can name;
 And many ſheaves, I hear, there was
 Of ſhamrogs, and of water-graſs,
 Which there for curious fallads paſs.
 Yet this great feaſt was not compleat,
 Unleſs they had the following meat;
 Iſlands of curds did float in ſea
 Of hot and ſweet cerulean whey.
 Of ruſhes there was benches made,
 On which the meat was partly laid:
 But all the mutton that was ſing'd,
 Was laid on doors that were unhing'd;
 So that we all may truly ſay,
Gillo kept open houſe that day.
 The reſt was plac'd in ſtately fort
 On planks which firkins did ſupport:
 As for the gueſts, when grace was ſaid,
 And all in *Latin* tongue had pray'd,
 Some ran to this, ſome ran to that,
 And what they catch'd they thereon fat;
 Some fat on ſtones, ſome fat on blocks,
 Some fat on churns, ſome on wheel-ſtocks;
 Some fat on cars, ſome fat on ladders,
 And, for ſhift, ſome fat on madders.
 Of which utenſils, at the feaſt,
 There was that day threeſcore at leaſt.

The

The brisk young sparks, with their kind wenches,
 Did place themselves on rushy benches;
 And as they from their eyes did dart,
 Such pointed flame as wounds the heart;
 So by sharp pointed rushes they,
 Their mutual flame did well convey.
 The rabble, and the brawny kearns
 Well pleas'd, sat down on heaps of fearns;
Gillo the noble, as most fit,
 At head of all the guests did sit:
 At head of table, I'll not say,
 For in his house was none that day,
 But those at which the gamesters play.
 In mighty state, by *Gillo's* side,
 Her sex's envy, th' island's pride;
 Fair *Sbuan*, *Gillo's* wife took place,
 Descended from *Milesian* race.
 They both on bench of rushes sat,
 Commixt with flags, both wond'rous fat;
 His hair was black, but hers as red
 As ever grew on woman's head.
 He swarthy was, she wond'rous fair,
 As many in that island are.
 Her legs were short, and fat, 'tis true,
 And to a mighty thickness grew;
 As did her bulky waste, which scarce
 With clasped hands you cou'd embrace.
 Her head ten hundred linnen bound,
 As white and fine as could be found.
 But his indented *cappen* wore,
 Which he had never us'd before;
 'Twas of fine frize, and without doubt,
 Adorn'd with curious cuts about;
 As was the new made brogues, which they
 Both wore for honour of the day.

On neckcloth she much ermin bore,
 But such as you have heard before.
 Black hafted knife and keys were ty'd,
 With leathern pouch, unto her fide;
 In which a black, fhort dirty pipe
 She kept, which fhe did never wipe.
 For being fhort it warm'd her nofe,
 When e'er fhe fmoak'd, altho' it froze;
 And from its wheezing throat fhe drew,
 Moft grateful blafts of darkifh blue.
 Into this purfe, when there was need,
 She put long twifts of *Indian* weed;
 And into it did often thruft
 Full bladders of tobacco duft.
 Her beads moreover in it lay,
 Unless when fhe was pleas'd to pray;
 And dice for gamefters, as they fay.
 And in it fhe, with care, did put
 Her money, and her double nut;
 A holy hazle nut, that fhe
 Might be from all misfortune free.
 About his neck, he wore the fur
 Of fox, fome fay of water-cur.
 By *goffip's* hand, he oft did fwear
 He no cravat or band wou'd wear
 That was of hemp, or nettles made,
 For which great beaux have dearly paid.
 Close by his fide there hung a fkeen
 With wooden haft, both long and keen,
 Which in rencounters oft had been.
 Which was for many ufes good,
 It cut great wattles in the wood;
 And it was very ufeul found,
 To dig long parfnips out of ground;
 With it, and with his thumb he fpread
 His butter often on his bread;

With

With it he cut and stab'd the throats
 Of cows and sheep, of hogs and goats;
 Potatoes dug, and scrap'd away
 From's half tann'd brogues both dung and clay.
 Her lee-washt plaited tresses hung,
 That day from shoulders to her bum;
 In which she took no little pride,
 As in her banlon garb beside.
 His hair instead of growing down,
 Grew creeping upwards tow'rd's his crown
 In curling circles; but his beard
 With melted butter all besmear'd,
 That he with fewer tugs and ease
 Might comb and rid it from the fleas,
 Grew dangling down, so long and black,
 That he could tye't behind his back.
 Being thus equip'd, and seated all,
 With hands and teeth they to it fall;
 And lost no time; this hacks, that cuts,
 And longs to fill his craving guts.
 Another lost his knife, doth swear,
 And nimbly does begin to tear,
 With claws and tusks without remorse.
 This swallows like the tyrant's horse
 Of cruel *Tbrace*, who for his meat,
 The flesh of man did often eat.
 On fattest pork with butter spread,
 One feeds, without a bit of bread.
 With eager haste some feed on beef,
 For hungry maw the best relief;
 Yet from the foal cou'd not refrain,
 But eat until they sweat again.
 By strength of teeth well set in gum,
 The rough skin mutton was o'ercome.
 This bawls to's friend with open throat,
 To help, to help him with some goat;

Which

Which he prefers, he swears, before
 The beef, the mutton, or the boar.
 Another frets and fumes, because
 The foal was buried in their maws,
 Before he got one bit to eat
 Of that most rare inviting meat.
 The curds and all the three-leav'd grass
 With lumps of butter eaten was.
 This way of eating is thought best,
 For meat not easy to digest.

* Of bonny-clabber at this feast,
 Was lapp'd three barrels at the least,
 Beside the butter-milk and whey,
 As authors of good credit say.

Now *Gillo* noble, free and brave,
 An hundred thousand welcomes gave,
 To every friend and neighbour, that
 Came there to eat, to drink and chat;
 And for strong usquebaugh doth call,
 And gives his service to them all.
 The cup went round and round again,
 A noble cup, that could contain
 A pint, which every man did drain,
 With as much ease as any here
 Could drink new-milk or table-beer.
 Mean while the harp conjoin'd with voice,
 Thro' all the house made charming noise,
 Of such effect, that it did make
 Most of the guests their heels to shake:
 Nay, trump itself there seldom fails
 To make old women bob their tails.
 To dancing they are so inclin'd,
 That ev'n the very lame and blind,
 If trump or bagpipe they do hear,
 In dancing posture do appear,

As

• *Of bonny-clabber.*] Is probably meant a sort of thick milk.

As strange their steps, their shape and mien,
 As e'er in beggars bush was seen ;
 Baldoyle, or yellow stockings, play'd,
 Gives nimble feet to ev'ry maid,
 And younker, who such pains do take,
 In frisking, that they often leak,
 And render favour from behind,
 Let out from puffs of stifled wind,
 And after all it's there confess'd,
 The longest dancer dances best.
 Gillo to dance was often pray'd,
 Courted and pull'd by every maid ;
 But he by holy vestment swore,
 And's beard, he'd never dance before
 Ignatius, or his father *James*
 Came sailing up the rolling *Thames*,
 In pomp and grandeur to obtain
 His antient crown, and right again ;
 With that he thump'd his angry breast,
 And said, my soul shall ne'er take rest ;
 Nor shall my beard divorced be
 From chin, till I that day do see.
 At this he swore by *Patrick's* tooth,
 And by black bell, which finds out truth,
 And by the bones of one *St. Ruth*,
 Whose sword and hands were often wet
 With reeking blood of *Hugonet* ;
 And who to *James* was firm and good,
 Whilst head upon his shoulders stood !
 Whose bones expos'd to ev'ry eye
 In *Augbrim's* plains now blanching lie.



C A N T O IV.

THE guests perceiving *Gillo's* mind
 Not, like to theirs, to mirth inclin'd;
 And finding that his pensive breast,
 With grief and care was much oppress'd,
 (For he by intervals would groan,
 And sigh and sob, and cry O hone)
 Struck up with all their harps and trumps,
 To drive away their doleful dumps:
 Which in great measure might destroy
 Their dancing, musick, and their joy;
 And us'd all means they could invent,
 T' incline him to some merriment;
 And all those passions to assuage,
 Which in his troubled soul did rage,
 And play'd the cruel tyrant there,
 As sorrow, discontent, and fear,
 And hope succeeded by despair.
 Romantick tales they to him told,
 Of giants in the days of old,
 Whose legs by much were longer than
 The height even of the tallest man;
 Whose monstrous teeth, with which they tore,
 Were long as tusks of any boar;
 How one of them did break the skull,
 With's fist, of a robustious bull;
 And on his shoulders bore the beast,
 Twice fourteen furlongs at the least,
 Unto his cave, and as some say,
 Did eat him ev'ry bit that day.

The next strange story, which his ears
 Receiv'd, was of some wolves and bears,
 Who once were men of worth and fame,
 But, by enchantment, brutes became;
 And wou'd (if tales sing truth) obtain
 Their former human shape again.
 That then thro' all the *Western* ground,
 The crooked harp with joy should sound;
 And that a monarch of their own
 Should sit upon the *Western* throne,
 And drive from thence, by force, all those
 That would his powerful arms oppose.
 Then he was told how by a fart,
 Discharg'd from bum of *Ow'n McArt*,
 Asham'd he from his country fled,
 (His wife and friends where he was bred)
 And there ne'er since has shew'd his head;
 Nor can by strictest search be found
 Either above or under ground.
 Yet all these tales, sports, methods fail'd,
 But only this, which soon prevail'd.
 To you, quoth one, dear sir, I bring
 The health of *James*, once *Albion's* king;
 'Tis *Aqua Vitæ*, mixt with beer,
 Which will your drooping spirits cheer:
 Take courage man, cast care away,
 Our holy priests and prophets say,
 It will be ours another day.
 Tho' now the sun his head doth shroud
 Behind a gloomy weeping cloud,
 Yet he'll break forth with glorious light
 At length, and put those clouds to flight.
 Said *Gillo*, let me ne'er have wealth
 Nor strength, if I refuse this health.
 With that to's lips he put the cup,
 And briskly turn'd the bottom up:

Then strictly charg'd, that every man
 Shou'd drink the health which he began;
 Next health was drank to prince of *Wales*,
 Whose birth occasion'd many tales.
 Then *Berwick's* duke was not forgot,
 To whom each man drank off his pot;
 To *France's Hector*, and the Pope;
 In whom stood now their only hope;
 With one consent, and joyful wish,
 They all drank off the hearty dish;
 And *Shuan's* health they did not miss.
 Then *Gillo's* health, who made the feast,
 Was swallow'd down three times at least;
 Him all the guests did thank and praise,
 And wish'd him health and *Nestor's* days;
 To *Gillo's* friends, and many more
 To whom they any kindness bore,
 They many wooden cups did drain,
 To the disturbance of their brain,
 Which made their hearts with joy abound,
 And all the house with noise resound,
 While all these welcome draughts went round;
 The trumps and brazen wires did sound.
 Now *Gillo's* heart was grown so glad,
 That he forgot that he was sad;
 And bid his guests be of good cheer,
 And never spare his dram and beer;
 For he was generous and free,
 And given to hospitality,
 As all within that island be.
 And in his cups he was as stout
 And brave, as any thereabout;
 He neither man, nor beast did dread,
 Nor any thing that wore a head.
 He oft engag'd with furious hogs,
 With wolves, and cats, and massive dogs.

At every fair, both far and near,
 To drink and fight he did appear.
 He never from a barrel went,
 Until he saw the sediment ;
 And was so noble, brave and great,
 That he most commonly would treat ;
 Scorning hugely it should be said,
 That any but his worship paid
 The reck'ning, tho' he sold a cow,
 Or for it did a horse allow ;
 For which the poets of those times
 Extoll'd him with their fulsome rhimes,
 And did immortalize his name,
 In every place where e'er they came.
 And at these fairs he ne'er was seen
 Without a cudgel and a skeen ;
 A cudgel of hard thorn or oak,
 With which he many craniums broke.
 With skeen he'd stab and charge a rout,
 And often let their blood come out.
 The guards and friends that did attend
 His corps, with forty might contend,
 Which made him bold, yet he'd the fate
 Still to come home with broken pate.
 At swobbers he did often play,
 And dear five cards both night and day,
 And when his money all was gone,
 Would pawn the cloaths his back upon ;
 And in his bed wou'd then remain
 Until he was new rigg'd again.

He was a disputant, as great
 As ever held with man debate.
 He swore all scholars were mere fools,
 And dunces, without grammar rules ;
 All which he could repeat as well,
 As you the days of week can tell.

He questions puts in th' accidence,
 Wou'd puzzle men of better sense.
 If you cou'd not resolve him what
 Was *Latin* for a civet-cat,
 A ladle, or a frying-pan,
 A spigget, bung-hole, or a fan;
 He judg'd you no ingenious man:
 Your ignorance he'd ridicule,
 And say you lost your time at school.

In all the island none was found,
 In tropes of rhetorick so profound;
 He seldom any sentence spoke
 Without a figure or * a trope;
 And tho' he master was of schemes,
 And tropes, he made most scurvy themes;
 The earth-bred boar in *Neptune's* floods
 He'd paint, and dolphin in the woods.

† Whene'er he verses wou'd compose,
 Above all postures this he chose;
 On's back he did extended lie,
 Gazing upon the vaulted skie:
 On's belly lay a ponderous stone,
 Which made him pant, and puff, and groan,
 And often made him cry, O hone.
 He then unto *Lucina* pray'd,
 Who was a midwife, as 'tis said,

That

* *A trope*] The turning a word from its proper signification to another.

† *Whene'er he, &c.*] A reflection upon all poetasters, not much unlike the account given by *Anthony Wood* of Mr. *Pryn's* elegant apparatus for the solicitation of the Muses: "His custom was when he studied, to put on a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes, would every three hours, or more be manching a roll of bread; and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale brought him by his servant."

That she might give him so much strength,
 To bring some issue forth at length;
 The sisters of the forked hill
 He often begg'd t' assist his quill;
 And he their servant wou'd remain,
 If they wou'd fertilize his brain.
Pallas, who from her father's head,
 Her being had, he worshipped,
 And many fine things to her said.
 If cat or dog or monkey dy'd,
 His wit on them he exercis'd;
 And all the rhimes he on them writ,
 Tho' paltry stuff, he swore was wit;
 And in all places where he came
 With grace wou'd still repeat the same.

In lock he was so acute,
 No man on earth cou'd him confute;
 He was so insolent and proud,
 And spoke so fast, and bawl'd so loud,
 That he with ease what any said
 Supprest, and knock'd his reasons dead.
 The *Stagyrite* he follow'd close,
 And wrote of him in verse and prose;
 Whate'er he said, he did defend,
 And for his tenets would contend
 With all the sophists of the age,
 If any durst with him engage,
 And with loud bawling struck them mute
 Whene'er he did with them dispute:
 And when his arguments were gone
 And spent, he this rely'd upon;
Ipse dixit: 'tis true, therefore
 I've gain'd the point, I'll hear no more.
 Of universals he would prate,
 Of subjects and of predicate;

Of

Of beings which we only find
 To have existence in the mind;
 He paradoxes many held,
 Wherein he wou'd not be refell'd;
 To shew his skill he'd undertake
 To prove a goose to be a drake;
 An eel to be a water-snake;
 And often smartly argu'd, that
 An owl was but a flying cat;
 And that an horse of colour white,
 Was black as pitch, or darkest night.
 All schools of note he did frequent,
 Only for sake of argument;
 And there did syllogise as fast
 As words out of his mouth did cast.
 And as I told you, he was free,
 And full of hospitality;
 But he was never freer than
 When he had hold of pot or can;
 He then wou'd promise cows or sheep,
 But never did his promise keep;
 He promis'd corn, and flax and meal,
 But in his promise still did fail:
 Whene'er the donees came to get
 The many gifts they did expect,
 He fairly put them off with that
 Old story of the mouse and cat.

A rambling mouse, as fables tell,
 By chance into a guile-tub fell;
 And being ready now to sink,
 And perish in the frothy drink,
 A watchful cat came walking by,
 And mouse, poor mouse, in drink did spy;
 Who stooping down, with grasping claw,
 The mouse out of the tub did draw;

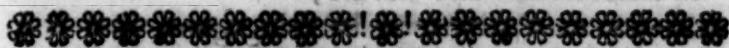
And

And purring ~~to~~ ^{the} half-drown'd prey,
 Resolv'd the same in hate to slay;
 But captive mouse, a mouse of sense,
 Stratagem, breeding, eloquence;
 On bended knees, in humble wise,
 With sighs, and groans, and weeping eyes,
 T' insulting cat thus faintly cries;
 Renowned cat, whose grave aspect
 And whiskers do deserve respect,
 My life I beg, pray don't defile
 Your mouth with me, not worth your while;
 For I am lean, and unfit meat
 For you (most noble cat) to eat;
 Dismiss me now, I promise that
 As soon as I grow plump and fat,
 I'll either come where you do dwell,
 Or, if you please, call at my cell;
 And I with my young brood of mice
 Will come and die your sacrifice;
 Then you may eat me with delight,
 And sport and revel all the night
 With all the young soft tender brood,
 For hungry cat, a grateful food.
 The cat being pleas'd with this harangue,
 The flattering words of mouse's tongue,
 Dismiss'd her straight, without least harm,
 Who reel'd away bedaub'd with barm,
 And tho' she tript, and often fell,
 Yet safely crept into her cell;
 And told her longing children what
 Had past between her and the cat.
 The young ones hearing what she said,
 Shed tears, and hugely were afraid;
 Mother, quoth they, if you'll make good
 Your word, you're guilty of our blood.

Peace

Peace fools, said she, and be not sad,
 I never yet was half so mad;
 I'll disappoint the cat be sure,
 Therefore rejoice and rest secure.
 Within some days, credulous cat,
 Supposing now her mouse was fat,
 With hunger pinch'd, came to the cave
 Of mouse, and did her *premium* crave:
 To whom the mouse made answer thus;
 Be gone from hence thou silly puss;
 The world might think me mad indeed,
 To let you on my body feed;
 Therefore be gone and never think
 I'll promise keep, was made in drink.





CANTO V.

NOW by this time, the guests so fast
 Had drunk, that some began to cast
 Their drink, and gobbets of crude meat,
 Which they like greedy hounds did eat;
 And having now their stomachs clear,
 Began afresh to drink more beer;
 And dram, which they prefer to sack,
 To best Frontignan, or Pontack.
 Some to depress th' ascending fume,
 Great pills of butter do consume.
 Some quite o'ercome no farther step,
 But where they drank, they fell and slept,
 And others into corners crept.
 The tough virago's never mist
 One cup, and, where they sat, they pist
 At such a rate, that where they trod,
 They could not choose but be wet-shod:
 For custom in that *Western* place
 Makes this no scandal, nor disgrace.
 This tyrant makes some women ride
 On horseback with their legs astride;
 And makes the *Hamburg* froes to roar
 With thund'ring noise from postern door.
 Now every guest by power of drink,
 Himself both wise and rich doth think;
 The coward now new courage gains,
 By ev'ry madder that he drains,
 And talks of nothing but campaigns,

D

OF

Of dreadful war, of blood and arms,
 Of ambuscado's and alarms ;
 Of deep entrenchments, batt'ring guns,
 Loud echoing trumpets, rattling drums ;
 Of lev'ling castles with the ground,
 Where treasures in great heaps were found ;
 Of blowing men into the air,
 And charging on the front and rear ;
 Of stratagems, of spies and scouts,
 Of counterescarpes and long redoubts ;
 Of pallisado's ; then takes up
 A wooden large four-corner'd cup,
 From which he draws a hearty sup ;
 Which made his cheeks begin to swell,
 And made him many wonders tell.
 He swears the drink was good and sound,
 And makes a friendly health go round ;
 Which done, his tongue does louder rattle
 Of's great exploits in *Agbrim* battle ;
 And tells, tho' not a word is true,
 How many skulls he split in two ;
 How with one stroke the head of horse
 He from his body did divorce ;
 And how the horse depriv'd of head,
 Like lightning with his rider fled ;
 I'm sure, said he, and then he swore,
 The horse ne'er ran so fast before ;
 And brag'd what duels he had fought,
 And what great honour home had brought ;
 And what brave men in martial field
 Unto his conqu'ring sword did yield ;
 How by his valour he did fight,
 And put a hundred men to flight ;
 And that he did no giant fear,
 Nor *Spanish* bull, nor *Northern* bear :
 When 'twas to men of credit known,
 He first of all ran from *Athlone* ;

For

For when he heard the roaring cannon,
 Saw men, like otters, cross the *Shannon*,
 His winged heels ne'er stopt until
 He hid himself in *Agbrim* mill;
 From whence he never rais'd his head,
 Until that fight was finished;
 Where thousands on both sides lay slain,
 And by their deaths did honour gain.
 Yet this rank coward still proceeds
 To bawl aloud his valiant deeds,
 Which he with loss of blood perform'd,
 When such and such a place was storm'd,
 And having drain'd another bowl,
 Which did enlarge his lying soul,
 He this (perhaps true) story told;
 That on their beds he murder'd six-
 teen damn'd rebellious hereticks.
 At which expression, then the crowd
 For's father's soul pray'd all aloud.
Redmundo, man of courage bold,
 From laughing loudly cou'd not hold,
 When *Bruno* these vain stories told,
 And said if valour does consist
 In running from a battle first,
 Like fearful hare, who running, shews
 Her scut unto the hounds, her foes;
 And squats for fear (in boggy ground,
 Or rocks or woods) not to be found;
 Then who'll deny! what man will doubt
 But you are forward, brave, and stout?
Bruno began to swear and huff,
 To clinch his fist, to fret and puff,
 And look'd as he resolv'd to cuff;
 And call'd *Redmundo* base and rude,
 For this his bold similitude,

And often swore by all that's good,
 For this affront, he'd have his blood:
 He'd cut the ears out of his head,
 And slit his nose, for what he said;
 And threaten'd oft to make him feel
 The fury of his edged steel.
Redmundo said, he did not fear
 To meet him when he pleas'd, and where;
 And for his threats, and rusty sword,
 He swore he cared not a t.....d.
 And thus proceeds t' affront him more
 For want of courage than before.
 To *Fergus* rock when siege was laid,
 No mortal wight was more afraid;
 For when you heard the cannons roar,
 The standers-by you did implore
 To cover all your body o'er
 With more cow-hides, than e'er were on
Ajax the son of *Telamon*.
Bruno reply'd, *Redmundo* was
 A fool, a coxcomb and an ass;
 For *Ajax* was a man of sense,
 And us'd those skins for his defence;
 For which he never yet was blam'd,
 But for his wit and valour fam'd:
 And if I *Ajax* pattern made,
 No man for this shou'd me upbraid;
 Whoever therefore says, that I
 A coward am, in's throat doth lie.
Redmundo said, it is confest
 That *Ajax* bore upon his breast
 Of seven bull-hides a mighty shield,
 Whene'er he fought in open field:
 But under heaps of hides you lay,
 Conceal'd, like coward cap.....a.....pe.

From

From hence a man with ease may tell,
 The cases are not parallel
 'Twixt you and *Ajax*: he at *Troy*
 So many *Trojans* did destroy
 By's valour, that his very name
 A terror to his foes became:
 But you, poor soul! at noise of gun,
 As swift as lightning oft did run;
 Nor in the field did ever stay
 To see the end of any fray,
 But like your self ran still away.
 And for your lie I this return:
 With that the bottom of a churn,
 Which did supply a trencher's place,
 He flung, which hit the bully's face,
 And made him roar, as when a bull
 Is knock'd by butcher on the skull.
 I'm kill'd, quoth he, I'm dead, I'm dead,
 The blood comes streaming from my head;
 A priest, a priest, my sins must I
 To him confess before I die.
 As thus he spoke, his pond'rous bum
 With force unto the earth did come;
 But by degrees he gather'd strength,
 And came unto himself at length:
 And where he lay, bechance he found
 A wooden piss-pot on the ground;
 Which by the ear he grasped fast,
 And starting up, at's foe did cast,
 With as good will as *Turnus* flung
 A mighty stone at *Venus*' son.
 The pot let loose, with urine flies,
 And hits *Redmundo* 'twixt the eyes;
 Whereby his front was slightly bruise'd,
 But by the liquor it transfus'd,
 His eyes most strangely were abus'd.

He

He rub'd and wink'd, and rub'd again,
 But still his eyes such pricking pain
 Endured, that he cou'd not view
 The person which the piss-pot threw.
 And now, sad chance ! was fit enough
 To stalk or play at blindman's buff.
Gillo like man of *Gotham* wife,
 With dram was pleas'd to wash his eyes ;
 And said he heard a midwife tell
 One heat another does expel :
 Which made him fret, and swear, and curse,
 Because his eyes were ten times worse ;
 And made him stalk and grope about,
 * Like *Polypheme*, when's eye was out.
Bruno was glad to see his foe
 By dram and urine brought so low ;
 And strutted like a cock of game,
 When he his conquest doth proclaim,
 By clapping of his flutt'ring wings,
 And by the triumph which he sings :
 He laugh'd until his bowels shook
 To see the pains the other took,
 To clear his eyes from smart and pain,
 Which whilst they sadly did sustain.
 He wou'd have lent him many blows,
 But that the guests did interpose ;
 And from a long sharp-pointed knife,
 They kindly sav'd the blind-man's life ;
 Whose eyes being wash'd with sweet warm whey
 Their pungent heat did soon decay.

* Like *Polypheme*] Was a huge giant that had but one eye
 in his forehead.

CANTO VI.

NOW, by this time, the travelling sun
 His long diurnal race had run;
 His fiery steeds in western pool
 Had plung'd, their sweaty limbs to cool;
 The sable night came on apace,
 And spread with darkness every place;
 Therefore long plaited candles came,
 Which lighted made a mighty flame:
 On stately poles of cloven wood
 Dispers'd about, each candle stood,
 That chas'd the darkness clean away,
 And made the night as clear as day.
 Then *Gillo* said, 'tis best, I think,
 To be made friends, shake hands and drink:
 Of liquor I have plenty still,
 Which you may drink whene'er you will.
Redmundo said, by this good light
 I am resolv'd again to fight;
 Nor will I sit, nor drink, nor eat,
 Until I do that coward beat;
 And force him once again to run,
 As he before hath often done.
 In vain, good sir, you me dissuade,
 Resistless in the vow I've made,
 Which vow before I do recant,
 The pope shall turn a protestant;
William the king of *England* shall
 Of *Rome* be made a cardinal;

And

And lawyers (which is stranger news)
 Their fees when offer'd shall refuse.
 With that he crost his front and eyes,
 And on his foe like lightning flies.
 To it they fall, like cocks of game,
 Or like the knights of antient fame.
Redmundo fought with hands and feet,
 The other bit till's teeth did meet;
 And with his long and o'er-grown nails,
 Those ready arms which never fails,
 He scratch'd and squeak'd like struggling rat
 When taken by a lurking cat;
 For at that trade, and pulling hair,
 No mortal cou'd with him compare;
 Except the wife of *Priam*, which
 Became at length a furious bitch;
 And kick'd, and bit, and flung about,
 * And *Polymnestor's* eyes pull'd out,
 As poets tell, when she beheld
 Her husband, and her children fell'd,
 And saw the ruin of the town
 Where she first wore her wedding gown,
 And liv'd in plenty and renown.
 The gaping crowd, who still delight
 To be spectators at a fight,
 And who from meat and drink forbear
 To see a scuffle at a fair,
 Or see two rival dogs engage
 About a bitch in mighty rage,
 Press'd in apace, to feed their eyes,
 And see the issue of their prize.
 But *Gillo*, master of the treat
 And revels, made them all retreat,
 And

* And *Polymnestor's* eyes, &c.] *Hecuba* the wife of *Priam*
 scratched out his eyes.

And leave those champions room enough
 To wrestle, scratch, to kick and cuff.
 Sometimes with close embrace they hug,
 With art they trip, with strength they tug;
 And then the hardness of their skulls
 They try, like rams, or pushing bulls;
 Which cou'd not but procure delight,
 Were he but there, to *Heraclite*.
 Both sweat and pant, both puff and blow,
 From parts above, and parts below;
 And from their noddles blood did flow. }
 And now they both together fall
 To ground, and in strange postures crawl;
 Then up they start in mighty rage,
 And like fierce mastives do engage.
 The ring where they the fight maintain'd,
 With purple gore was all distain'd
 And slippery made, so that they fell
 Oft-times, and tumbled mighty well.
 Fortune, that blind, that fickle maid,
 Which does the bold and forward aid,
 Whom all do fear, or do adore
 From rising sun, or western shore,
 Whirled about her nimble wheel
 Whilst they within the ring did reel,
 And fought so long with mighty rage,
 That nought their anger cou'd assuage;
 Until the goddess chang'd her mind,
 And to *Redmundo* was inclin'd, }
 To whom she now prov'd mighty kind:
 Who hugely vex'd so long to be
 Without a glorious victory;
 Together added all his strength,
 And tam'd the bully at the length:
 For at the last most bloody bout
 He knock'd two of his grinders out;

And by hard kicks as they relate,
 Made wind burst out from postern gate ;
 Which is a thing more shameful there,
 Than if you stole a horse or mare ;
 And more undecent and unfit,
 Than if your breeches you bel---t :
 And if your bed you did bep---s,
 It wou'd be lesser shame than this.
 Now *Bruno* runs and shews swift heels,
 But (like a true cock) never wheels ;
 The other close pursues his back,
 Which he with mighty strokes doth thwack,
 And kick'd him till he made him groan,
 And at each kick, to cry, O hone.
 Being thus depriv'd of wind and teeth,
 He calls to's friends for quick relief,
 Who, stepping in, did interpose,
 And lent *Redmundo* many blows :
 Which when his friends beheld, each man
 In haste to his assistance ran ;
 And now both parties, in a rage,
 And mighty fury, do engage :
 With oaken plant exalted high,
 At one another they let fly,
 And thrash until their bones do rattle,
 Ne'er yet was fought a fiercer battle :
 Compar'd to this, like counter-scuffle
 Was but an easy harmless bustle ;
 For there they fought but with their food,
 And did not lose one drop of blood.
 By lash of eel some little pain
 Perhaps the pris'ners might sustain,
 By quaking custard, or hot pye,
 Which oft about their ears did fite ;
 But beggars bullets here were us'd,
 Which where they hit, before they bruise

Some boldly charg'd with wooden spits,
 And with them gave unlucky hits ;
 For though they pierce no arms nor thighs,
 Yet fairly thrust out many eyes.

The madders here were thrown as fast
 About mens ears as hands cou'd cast ;
 And with the joints of half torn meat
 They one another rudely treat ;
 Platters and pisspots, every thing
 That cou'd be mov'd, about they fling ;
 And seeing fury arms supply,
 About the house long fire-brands fly.

Gillo perceiving every man
 In arms, unto a potlid ran,
 Which in his left-hand he did wield
 Instead of a defensive shield ;
 A churn-staff in his other hand,
 With art and strength he did command.
 Being thus equipt, he thrust among
 The giddy and unruly throng,
 And knock'd about, without least fear,
 He car'd not whom, he car'd not where :
 For fury wou'd not let him know
 His friends or neighbours from his foe.
 Villains, quoth he, and look'd most furly ;
 How dare you make this hurly burly
 Within my house, my kingdom, where
 I, like a monarch, rule should bear ;
 By this uproar you do conspire
 Perhaps to set my house on fire ;
 See how about the sparks do fly,
 Like falling stars from vaulted sky :
 To these his words they gave no heed,
 But still to fight and bawl proceed,
 And fling about whate'er they found
 In side of wall or on the ground.

Gillo displeas'd, began to fret,
 And struck at every man he met :
 His churn-staff he employ'd so well,
 That many by it wounded fell :
 But had not potlid been his friend,
 With which he did himself defend,
 He cou'd not well avoid the fate
 Of some impressions on his pate,
 And having sore and well thrash'd bones,
 By strokes of cudgels and of stones ;
 Who flush'd with fortune and good luck,
 About him like *Don Quixote* struck ;
 Until at length on head he broke
 His churn-staff with a mighty stroke ;
 Which done, a blazing candle came,
 And set his forked beard on flame ;
 And burnt his nose, his lips, and eyes,
 Which made him fill the house with cries
 And loud complaints ; he curs'd and swore,
 And foam'd at mouth like hunted boar.
 My beard, said he, my beard is burn'd,
 And into dust and atoms turn'd ;
 Thrice curst be the hand that threw
 The candle, O my beard, at you :
 I'd rather lose my book, I swear,
 My fat brown cow, or long-tail'd mare ;
 But tho' this loss to me is pain,
 My beard, in time, will grow again ;
 O had I known who burnt me thus,
 I on him wou'd enraged rush,
 And after many drubbings made,
 I'd tear his arm from 's shoulder blade.
 The noise at length so wrought upon
 Th' acaustick nerves of *Prester John*,
 That up he starts from female lap,
 Where he profoundly took a nap,

And

And gravely did to preach begin,
 And tell the people of their sin;
 Of drunk'ness, anger, envy, pride,
 Quarrels, and many things beside.
 But he as well might preach to stones,
 Or to a heap of dead mens bones,
 As by his preachment there to think
 T' allay a devil rais'd by drink;
 By whose impulse the rabble rout
 At th' holy man began to flout;
 And not content with this, they flung
 On him a vizard of cow-dung,
 With which his face was so deform'd,
 That thus he in his passion storm'd;
 With candlestick, with book, and bell,
 I curse you all, quoth he, to hell;
 For this offence, be sure, I'll make
 The stoutest of your hearts to ake;
 The *disciplina* you shall get,
 I'll lash you, till your blood do sweat:
 * About the rick, your knees on stones
 Shall walk, till they do bruise your bones.
 I'll ne'er forget what they have done,
 Through all their penance you shall run;
 Fight on, and bawl, and curse, and swear,
 And sink or swim, I do not care;
 Another game I will pursue,
 And so you drunken beasts adieu.
 He said; and from them went in haste,
 Where barrel of strong beer was plac'd;
 With which when he had wash'd away
 The dirt which on his visage lay,

And

* *About the rick, &c.*] Is a great mountain in that isle, call'd
 St. Patrick's hill, where the Papists go to do penance for their
 sins.

And oft had swallow'd down enough,
 And purg'd his head with *Spanish* snuff,
 He call'd unto his mistress *Gis*,
 Whom he did often hug and kiss,
 And brought her with him to his bed,
 To sport a while, and grope his head.



CANTO VII.

NOR were the women idle here,
 As by their actions will appear;
 For they when present at a fray,
 Like *Amazons* their parts do play;
 And to that end they feldom pare
 Their nails, that they may wound and tear.
 Gormly provok'd by *Sheela Roe*,
 At her a huge snuff-box did throw,
 And proudly strutting said, her fire
 Was near a-kin to great *Mc Guire*,
 Who once enjoy'd a great estate
 And liv'd at a prodigious rate,
 Tho' now reduc'd by cruel fate,
 And that she was by mother's side,
 To *Cormuck More Mc Cragh* ally'd;
 Who in his house three harps did keep,
 And kill'd each week a brace of sheep;
 And every month at least a cow,
 Which he to's house did still allow;
 Moreover said, she and her spouse,
 Had harp and tables in their house;
 In spacious fields had cows and sheep,
 And did great many servants keep.
 I wonder therefore, how you dare,
 You bold face trull, with me compare;
 You beggar's brat, notorious thief,
 To whom in jail I've sent relief,
 And many times your naked breech
 Have cloath'd, you damn'd confounded bitch.

To whom thus *Sbeela* did reply,
 Emitting fury from her eye;
 You have some worthy friends, 'tis true,
 But they are all asham'd of you;
 You cross, malicious, jilting whore,
 Shall I, without return, endure
 Those words your malice made you vent;
 No, no, I'll be in pieces rent
 Sooner than I, abus'd, forbear
 T'acquaint the world with what you are.
 Why, what am I? the other said,
 You flattern, I am not afraid
 Of your sad threats, nor am asham'd;
 If all my actions were proclaim'd:
 Before I wedded was, I had
 In wanton years, by stealth, a lad;
 But afterwards at length was wed
 To him that got my maiden-head;
 He was a man of gentle blood,
 And *French* and *Latin* understood;
 At tables, cards and dice cou'd play;
 If this be all that you can say,
 Or 'gainst my credit can object,
 Your charge is of no great effect.
 I've more to say, notorious bitch,
 Common as barber's chair, or ditch,
Sbeela enraged, soon reply'd,
 Your honesty has oft been try'd,
 At home, in camp, and in the field,
 But still your passive bum did yield
 To soldiers, troopers, and dragoons;
 And in the stables to the grooms;
 Your lewdness since a marry'd wife,
 Shorten'd, I'm sure, your husband's life;
 He watch'd you oft, you lustful sow,
 As *Argus* once watch'd *Juno's* cow;

But

But notwithstanding all his care,
 You to your haunts did still repair;
 And there, you wanton, craving brute,
 For hire yourself did prostitute.
 I was ('tis true) for debt in jail,
 But ne'er got living by my tail:
 I had some friends as great and good
 As any of your boasted blood,
 Who, when they heard I was confin'd,
 To me I real friends did find,
 They me releas'd, and paid my debt,
 A kindness I will ne'er forget.
 My father was a gentleman,
 The best but two of all his clan,
 Who, for his king, and country's sake,
 His life, and all he had did stake:
 He was related to the best
 Of *Mac's* and *O's* in all the west;
 To great *O Rock*, *Mc Dermot Roe*,
 And *Ow'n Mc Teigue* of *Ballinsloe*,
 Who in his house had always meat
 Even for an hundred men to eat;
 And of strong butter had such store,
 As might maintain as many more.
 My mother was near cousin to
Ferdoragh Ogue Mc Gillernew,
 Whose grandfire once had some few land,
 Tenants and servants at command.
 I've learn'd my book, and samplar too,
 That's more than can be said of you.
 On these accounts I therefore dare
 With you, you fiery pate, compare:
 And for the snuff-box you have thrown,
 Be pleas'd, said she, to pick this bone.
 It was the jaw-bone of a hog,
 Found lately drown'd by chance in bog;

But being drest by *Gillo's* cook,
 As well as th' other meat did look.
 With this huge bone she made a stroke,
 And *Sheel's* noddle fairly broke;
Sheel enrag'd, a globe of thread
 Let nimbly fly at *Gormly's* head.
 Then both in haste tore spoaks from wheel,
 And thump'd about till they did reel.
 The other women in a rage
 Took arms, and briskly did engage.
 Some join'd themselves to *Sheel's* side,
 And some with *Gormly* did abide:
 Bread, sticks, and tongs, nay every thing
 That could be mov'd, about they fling.
 In wheel there was not left a spoak,
 With which some craniums were not broke.
 They scratch'd, they tore, without regard,
 And neither hair nor faces spar'd.
 Among the men they mixt at length,
 And there exert their art and strength.
 With loud hububs, their country cries,
 They fill the house in dreadful wise;
 Who suffer'd most 'tis hard to tell,
 But many of both parties fell:
 Some under foot lay seeming dead,
 Their cloaths turn'd up as far as head,
 With cow-dung on their buttocks spread.
 The men upon the women lay,
 And women on the men, they say.
 In cattle's urine, dirt, and mud,
 Some far above the ancles stood:
 Some had their faces plaister'd o'er
 With clotted mud, and reeking gore;
 Some had their hair pull'd up by root,
 And most had faces patch'd with foot.

Those

Those that had eyes were black and blue,
 And of their teeth some lost a few.
 Deep furrows were in ev'ry face,
 From whence the blood distill'd apace.
 Now during this most bloody fight,
Bruno, you know, play'd least in fight;
 For being foil'd, he ran away,
 And under heaps of fodder lay;
 In crib at farther end of house
 Where *Gillo* kept some of his cows,
 To this asylum having fled,
 With well-kick'd bum and broken head,
 No tongue, nor pen can fully tell
 The thoughts that in his soul did dwell;
 For being chas'd, he was less vex'd
 Than for his teeth, which him perplex'd;
 For in that occidental place
 Their proverb says 'tis less disgrace
 To save yourself by nimble flight
 Than still to stand and faintly fight.
 Sometimes he thought if found by chance,
 To seem as in a swoon or trance;
 That so they might some pity take,
 And spare him for his weakness sake:
 But after many thoughts resolv'd,
 He firmly was at length resolv'd,
 If fate wou'd please, to steal among
 The giddy and confused throng,
 And by a quick surprising blow
 To be revenged on his foe;
 By right or wrong, to knock him down
 As flat as flounder to the ground.
 With that he peep'd from under straw,
 And within reach a dung-fork saw,
 Which gladly to him he doth draw;

And said, now fortune me assist
 Against my grand antagonist ;
 Inspire me now with courage bold,
 That this long bident, which I hold,
 May be so well employ'd that I
 By it may make *Redmundo* fly ;
 And be a terror to all those
 Who take his part, and me oppose :
 Were he but here, I think, I durst
 At him make such another thrust ;
 But worse than this which, gentle cow,
 In jest I practise on you now.
 The brute being hurt did *Bruno* gore :
 Which made him shout and loudly roar :
 Had he not turn'd his a.....se about,
 The cow had let his entrails out ;
 But in his podex he was hurt,
 Whence drop'd some blood, and stinking dirt ;
 And ever after did lament
 A torment in his fundament.
 And tho' he roar'd, and roar'd aloud,
 The conjunct *Stentors* of the crowd
 With ease suppress'd, and wholly drown'd
 His single and more feeble sound ;
 So that they did not hear at all
 When *Bruno* wounded thus did bawl.
 This wound behind did fret him more
 Than that *Redmundo* gave before ;
 Which made him rail on's cruel fate,
 And thus the cow did imprecate ;
 Thou cursed cow, let some kind dog
 Chace you ere long into a bog,
 A sinking bog where you may lie
 Long time in pain before you die.
 Oft may you wish, but wish in vain,
 For some to rid you of your pain ;

Let

Let *Gillo* often search about,
 But never, never find you out ;
 Until the croaking ravens pull
 The very eyes out of your skull,
 And till the dogs and wolves do feast
 Upon your bones, you curfed beast ;
 Who, for small fault, your horn did dart
 Into my fundamental part.
 As thus he curfed and did grin,
 As if he on close stool had been,
 Looking about, by chance he spy'd,
 Hanging on wall a cow's black hide ;
 Which he from thence pull'd softly down,
 And round about his body bound :
 And that he might affright the more,
 His face with ſoot her ubbed o'er,
 Deform'd his hands and dung-fork too,
 So that they all were of a hue ;
 A burning ſtick he held between
 His teeth, moſt dreadful to be ſeen ;
 And now like ſome ſtrange monſter ſeem'd,
 Or like a devil might be deem'd.
 Being thus diſguis'd with ſmoaky ſoot,
 And with a horny ſtrange furtout,
 A cow he backward did beſtride,
 But there a minute ſcarce did ride
 (Whirling his firebrand round about,
 To terrify the drunken rout,
 And ſometime grunting like a ſow,
 And ſometime roaring like a cow)
 Till he were ſeen ; all were amaz'd,
 And at him as a monſter gaz'd.
 One ſaid, diſtracted with great fear,
 It was ſome ſtrange cornuted bear ;
 A minotaur, another ſwore,
 For like a bull he heard him roar ;

Obſerve

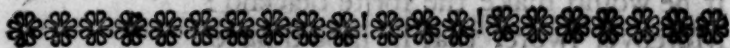
Observe his double form and face,
 And this opinion you'll embrace.
 Some others said they could not tell
 But it was devil come from hell;
 For these foul fiends do change their shapes
 To monkeys, cows, dogs, bears, or apes;
 And as *Padano* says, with ease,
 Can turn themselves to mice or fleas;
 The changes he in *Ovid* read,
 This opinion in him bred.
Syringo, who much wealth had got
 By urinal and chamber-pot,
 And was accounted wise and great,
 Said, he suppos'd it was a cheat.
Gillo being ask'd, declared that
 It really was-----he knew not what;
 But did advise, that father *John*
 Should, without stay, be call'd upon:
 Who being come, at first sight said,
 It was a de'el in masquerade;
 I see, said he, if eyes not fail,
 His cloven feet, and dangling tail;
 And let him be what fiend he will,
 I have such charms, such spells and skill,
 That I can exorcise, and chace
 His grim devilship from this place.
 'Twas I alone I'd have him know,
 That rais'd him from the shades below;
 You know I curs'd you all by bell,
 By book and candle down to hell;
 Th' offence you gave did this require,
 But if I can he shall retire
 If you'll repent, and me will hire.
 They promis'd all kind hands to shake,
 And any penance undertake;

And

And that they would their lives amend,
 If he would make the sprite descend :
 Moreover swore, that he shou'd have
 For his reward what he wou'd crave.
 But cunning priest was fearful that
 He shou'd be serv'd as mouse serv'd cat,
 And wou'd not stir one foot, he said,
 Unless he first were partly paid.
 Many therefore, thro' fear, were kind,
 And money for his purse did find.
 The women who were lately stout,
 † And who like *Penthesileas* fought;
 Freely engag'd to contribute
 To buy him frize for a surtourt,
 And gentle cloth for inward suit,
 If by his magick he could chace
 The ugly devil from that place.
 They trembling said, it was a sight
 That did their fainting souls affright.

† *And who like Penthesileas fought.*] A queen of the *Amazons* who assisted the *Trojans*.





C A N T O VIII.

THE priest, who wonders cou'd perform,
 And bodies often did transform,
 Boldly begins his pranks to play,
 That he the spirit might allay,
 And gravely stepping forward said,
 Stay all behind that are afraid :
 In one of's hands a conjuring book
 He held, on which he oft did look ;
 With which he cross'd his face and breast,
 And many juggling words exprest,
 And augur-like in th' other hand
 He held a long white hazel-wand,
 With which he many circles drew,
 * Eccentrick and concentrick too,
 Some crosses and triangles were,
 Within the circles, here and there :
 Water and salt he had beside,
 Wherein he mostly did confide ;
 For these, if sanctify'd, be sure,
 No witch nor devil can endure.
 Being furnish'd thus with these brave charms,
 Which he accounted best of arms,
 He loudly said, whate'er thou art,
 From hence, I charge you, to depart ;

Descend,

* *Eccentrick, &c.*] Circles which *Prefser John* the priest had made, in the middle of which he stood in order to expel the evil spirit.

Descend, foul fiend, vanish, be gone
 † To muddy *Styx* or *Acheron* ;
 There domineer, and there remain
 Until I send for thee again.

Bruno, the suppos'd devil, said,
 I'll not descend till I be paid
 For the long journey I did take,
 On your account, from *Stygian* lake.
 These words with hollow, grunting voice
 He roar'd, and made a hellish noise;
 Then from the cow came slipping down,
 And with a terrifying frown
 He forward towards the circle stept,
 Which by the priest was watch'd and kept
 With diligence and mighty care,
 Yet not without some little fear ;
 And therefore oft these words did say,

‡ *Apaga hinc, exorcizo te.*
Bruno, pretending to retreat,
 Made th' other think his charms were great,
 By whose vast power he durst not bring,
 Nor set his foot within the ring :
 But he return'd with force, and made
 As if the circle he'd invade ;
 And with the dung-fork thrust so fast,
 That *Priester John* retir'd at last ;
 Who being concern'd it shou'd be said
 He left his post or was afraid,
 Took courage then, and did bespatter
Bruno's face with salted water ;
 Which made him 'mong the cows retire,
 And made the priest his art admire ;

G

Who

† To muddy *Styx*, &c.] A river to ferry people to hell.

‡ *Apaga hinc*, &c.] Words made use of by *Romish* priests to lay evil spirits.

Who now being sure, that he cou'd chace
 The ugly devil from that place,
 From circle's brink did often bawl,
 And loudly on the dæmon call,
 And us'd his utmost skill and art
 To make him from the house depart;
 Be gone, said he, Satan, avoid,
 By me thy drift shall be destroy'd;
 I thee command to disappear,
 Thou hast no right in any here:
 They're mine, and I will them defend,
 In vain with me you do contend,
 Therefore to *Pluto's* court descend;
 And to the hellish crew complain
 How all your labour was in vain;
 How I in counter charms excel
 All men that on the earth do dwell;
 How by the water, which I cast,
 I made you run away at last.
 Tho' *Bruno* heard he wou'd not hear,
 Nor for the priest wou'd disappear;
 Altho' he exorciz'd as fast
 As he about cou'd water cast.
 Now when he thus did exorcize,
Bruno from crib the cows unites,
 And them through circles drives upon
 Poor water-flinging father *John*;
 Who labour'd hard, but all in vain,
 To make the brutes retire again;
 For as the saying is you know,
 Whom devil drives he needs must go.
 The priest reduc'd to this great strait,
 Deplor'd his own and people's state;
 Himself and them he often blest,
 And judging all the cows possest,
 To run away he thought was best.

Bruno,

Bruno, perceiving he turn'd tail,
 And that his project wou'd prevail,
 Forc'd on the cows, and thrust among
 The frightened and retreating throng;
 Who, seeing what their guide had done,
 Away like him began to run,
 Not at all daring to resist
 Such a deform'd antagonist;
 Who, lately coward, now grew stout,
 And put to flight the rabble rout,
 And like a devil knock'd about.
 On heaps the frightened mortals lay,
 Not knowing what to do or say;
 Many o'er one another run,
 That they the dreadful fight might shun;
 Many sunk down even in the place
 For fear, nor durst hold up their face.
Bruno enrag'd, ran round about
 To find his friend *Redmundo* out;
 On whom when he had cast his eyes,
 Full of revenge he at him flies.
Redmundo, lately victor, runs,
 And *Bruno* as a *spectrum* shuns,
 Never suspecting him the man
 Who from *Atblone* to *Agbrim* ran
 For fear, or that he was the same
 Whose courage he did lately tame.
 A fight more comick ne'er was seen
 That what some time passed between
 These two; one in his heels did trust,
 The other with his dung-fork thrust,
 And with it oft his foe did thwack
 Across the shoulders and the back,
 So that his very bones did crack;
 And tho' he was accounted stout,
 For fear, he never fac'd about;

But here and there he thrust among
 The gaping and confused throng ;
 Because he thought (which was untrue)
 He with the devil had to do ;
 And thinking thus, he still did run
 Among the crowd, that he might shun
 Receiving of another blow
 From such a cruel devilish foe ;
 Which with long weapon lately made
 Impressions on his shoulder blade,
 His ribs, and back; and cranium too,
 Which needs must be of livid hue ;
 And by hard strokes were made more sore
 Than e'er they were in war before.
 Being thus reduc'd, and chas'd like hare
 Before a greyhound, here and there ;
 Such was his great unusual fright,
 That it gave wings unto his flight,
 And made him run at such a rate,
 That *Bruno* cou'd not reach his pate,
 Nor touch his shoulders, bum or back,
 Which he still hugely long'd to thwack ;
 And on him freely to bestow,
 With all his strength, a parting blow.
 And having thus mist of his prey,
 Because the crowd stopt up his way,
 Without remorse, without regard,
 He neither of the sexes spar'd ;
 But in a special manner those
 Who with *Redmundo* 'gainst him rose
 He greeted with robustious blows.
 Th' affrighted mortals from him ran
 As from a devil, not a man ;
 In heaps they tumbled o'er and o'er,
 As waves come rolling towards the shore,
 And like the raging waves they roar ;
 And

And drive the yielding air with groans,
 With loud accents and sad O'nes,
 To *Patrick* then their own dear saint,
 They jointly made a loud complaint,
 And many prayers unto him sent
 To help them in this exigent:
 Many to *Columkill* did cry,
 Who in their isle did live and die,
 And holy *Bridget* all the she's
 Invok'd upon their bended knees,
 (For these, as in some books we find,
 Restored sight unto the blind,
 And from the grave did many raise,
 If all be true the legend says)
 And did the aid of many more,
 In this great strait on beads implore,
 Which they repeated ten times o'er,
 For there (a most approved way)
 By decads they are wont to pray,
 But not a saint they did invoke,
 Defended them from one small stroke,
 Nor heard perhaps, tho' all the while,
 (Like the loud cataracts of *Nile*)
 They roar'd, and with shrill shrieks and cries
 They seem'd to reach the vaulted skies:
 And on their patrons often bawl'd,
 And loudly for assistance call'd:
 But *Bruno* heard, and was as glaz'd
 As they dejected souls were sad;
 Within himself he sweetly smil'd,
 To think how he had them beguill'd,
 And therefore for his good success
 His happy stars did often bless,
 Who being, only one, did make
 So many men for fear to quake.

For

For art, when strength and courage fails,
 (Experience teaches) oft prevails :
 With full revenge not glutted yet,
 His mind was on more mischief set ;
 Which made him like a champion stout
 To kick, and push, and knock about
 The non-resisting passive rout,
 On whom his wrath he exercis'd,
 And like a coward tyranniz'd.
 Now surely this, or none at all,
 We may obedience passive call.
 And as he thus went threshing on,
 He tumbled over father *John* ;
 Who nimbly rising ran away,
 Repeating *exorcizo te*.
Bruno got up, but did desist
 To prosecute the exorcist ;
 And not a little was afraid,
 Lest he by falling was betray'd,
 Which might discover all his tricks,
 His stratagems and politicks ;
 Therefore he wisely did conclude,
 Among the cattle to intrude ;
 Which he by force drove in among
 The half distracted frightened throng.
 The brutes inclos'd, strove to get out,
 And with their horns they tost about,
 And many of the crowd they push'd,
 And under foot they strangely crush'd.
Gillo perceiving that his cows
 Did act like tyrants in his house ;
 Like a distracted furious man,
 In haste unto a hatchet ran,
 Which heaving up, he made a stroke,
 And head of foremost cow he broke ;

The

The brute which heretofore was tame,
 Now mad as baited bull became ;
 She ran, she tost, and roar'd aloud,
 Like thunder breaking from a cloud,
 To the amazement of the crowd. }

Happy was he that got away,
 And did not feel her horns that day :
 Some clamber'd upon side of wall,
 And tir'd with sticking, down do fall ;
 In haste behind great bags of meal
 Others their bodies do conceal ;
 And some the furious beast to shun,
 Behind great chests for safety run.

Gillo observing in what wise
 The half-kill'd cow did tyrannize,
 Whom, from a calf his wife had bred,
 And with her hands had often fed ;
 His heavy ax advanc'd again ;
 With full intent the cow to brain ;
 And twice in clumisie fist did spit,
 That he with greater force might hit :
 But missing aim, the hatchet flies
 From off the helve twixt *Bruno's* eyes.

Yelling aloud, he fell to ground,
 And made the house with noise resound,
 And the poor devil did sustain
 By such a knock excessive pain,
 And often tumbled up and down,
 And sometimes lay as in a swoon :
 Yet of the crowd, posselt with fear,
 Before him close none durst appear ;
 For all suspected his deceit,
 And therefore from him did retreat ;
 Being confounded and amaz'd,
 They only at a distance gaz'd ;

Nay,

Nay, some there was (such was their fright)
 That cou'd not well endure the sight
 Of such a dreadful ugly sprite;
 But clos'd or turn'd their eyes away,
 Whilst he in his great torture lay;
 Who now perceiving how they fled
 From him alone when almost dead,
 Got by degrees so much of strength,
 As rais'd him on his feet at length;
 And then began afresh to roar,
 Far more dreadful than before;
 Which put such terror in the crowd,
 That they, like him, roar'd all aloud;
 And many out of doors did run,
 As at beginning some had done,
 That they the devil's strokes might shun.
 But by the darkness of the night,
 Mixt with some small glimmering light,
 Each bush they saw did them affright;
 Which made some run in haste again
 Back to the house from whence they came,
 But durst not enter in, for fear
 Their great tormentor being there;
 And therefore 'bout the house they lay,
 And ditches, till the peep of day:
 And as *Aurora* left the bed
 Of old *Tithonus*, how they fled:
 And told the plenty of the meat,
 With which brave *Gillo* did them treat:
 What usquebaugh and beer they had
 Let down their throats, till they grew mad;
 What bloody battles then arose;
 What kicks, what thumps, what heavy blows;
 And that a cacodæmon came,
 Who did their drunken fury tame;
 Whom

Whom all the words the priest did say,
 Tho' mighty charms, cou'd not allay :
 The more the exorcist did charm,
 The less he did the devil harm.
 Now tatling Fame that takes delight
 To listen at mens doors at night,
 And with her many eyes and ears,
 What's done within both sees and hears ;
 Like flying post runs up and down,
 From coast to coast, from town to town ;
 And as about she gladly goes,
 Like rolling snow-ball greater grows,
 And ten times more, where e'er she came,
 Than she was told, she doth proclaim ;
 For she an errant lye as well
 As truth at any time can tell :
 Her dismal news spread far and near,
 Made some to laugh, made others fear ;
 And many to the house did run,
 Where all these comic pranks were done,
 That they the certain truth might know,
 If tattling Fame were true or no ;
 Where, when they came, there did appear
 In ev'ry face a mighty fear ;
 Altho' the ugly fiend was gone,
 As they were told by father *John*,
 And that like owls, all spirits shun
 The light which ushers in the sun.
 When *Gillo* to his comfort saw
 The dreadful monster did withdraw,
 And that the fields and coasts were clear,
 Like champion bold he did appear ;
 And swore the guests that he did treat
 Were cowards, and not worth their meat :
 That for his part, by lucky chance,
 He almost struck into a trance

The ugly monster, and did make
 Him roar and rumble, spurn and quake;
 And if he wou'd return again,
 He wou'd alone with him maintain
 A battle, and wou'd sooner die,
 Than from him like a coward fly.
 As thus he brag'd, he grop'd about
 His head, and swore his brains were out:
 And roar'd aloud, O cruel fate;
 O silly *Gillo*! brainless pate!
 And must these strong supporting bones
 Be prest with earth, and heavy stones;
 And shall my graceful beard now have
 Its lodging in a stinking grave:
 But yet because I feel some pain,
 I may perhaps, without a brain,
 For some few months alive remain.
 Now fearful *Gillo*, all this while,
 The strength of fancy did beguile:
 For having under hen-roof fled,
 The poultry muted on his head.
 At length perceiving that his brain
 Within the shell did still remain,
 Like wanton kid did skip about,
 Because his brains were not quite out.

A council now together came,
 Of priests, and other men of fame;
 Who after some hours serious chat,
 They jointly all concluded that
Gillo's house was made unfit
 For christian men to dwell in it;
 Because polluted and posselt,
 And therefore must by them be blest;
 And must be scourg'd, and soundly lash'd,
 And with lustration water wash'd.

Th' *Augean* stable being clean,
 And purg'd with toil, great care and pain ;
Gillo into the fabrick went,
 Where he a month had scarcely spent,
 When *Bruno's* beast, by power of beer,
 Like glass transparent, did appear ;
 Which made him vent the story, how
 'Twas he rode backward on the cow,
 That did the priest and people chace,
 To his renown, and their disgrace.
 Some *Bruno's* part did then defend,
 And for his wit did him commend.
 Others there were whose smart and pain,
 By *Bruno's* strokes, did yet remain ;
 Who swore the rascal shou'd repent
 For the sad strokes to them he lent ;
 And that he was as great a rogue
 As ever put his foot in brogue :
 Which *Bruno* hearing, full of dread,
 From house and country would have fled ;
 But that his friends did him assure,
 From anger they wou'd him secure ;
 Which they perform'd. At length all jars,
 Debates, and feuds, and civil wars,
 'Twixt *Bruno* and his angry foes,
 Who at the first fell by his blows,
 Was turn'd to mirth and laughter loud,
 And made the sport of every crowd,
 And serv'd the school-boys as a theme
 To versifie, and to declaim.



To vestige, and to decision
And liv'd the school-boys as a fire
And made the port of every crowd;
Was turn'd to mirth and laughter loud,
Who at the first fell by his blows,
Twice twice and his angry loss,
Debauch, and lechery, and civil wars,
Which they perform'd, At length all jars,
From anger they would turn to love;
But that his friends did him advise,
From hostile land country would have fled,
Which draws hearing, till at length,
As ever but his foot in blood,
And that he has a great reward,
For the sad forces and the sword,
Who swore the sacred oath of blood,
By whose sword, whose sword, whose sword,
Others there were whose sword was drawn,
And for his wife did him commend,
Some brave's part did then defend,
To his renown, and his disgrace,
That did the spirit and people chase,
That he rode backward on the row,
Which made him vent the story, how
Like gl'ous triumph, and a good
When his was a deadly power of blood,
Where he almost had a deadly wound,
Gave into the world's view,
And put it with his sword and pen,
The narrow stable door.